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SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1914.

Forget politics now for a few weeks
and think of the value to Richmond
of the education of the children.

Zapata.
The bandit Zapata, in Southern Mexico, looms larger on the horizon. With 24,000 men under his command, he and his army would form a splendid nucleus for a formidable revolutionary force should Villa and Carranza split. The dissatisfied leader who should lose in a contest for supremacy could join the Southern bandit with what force he could command and continue the war in Mexico. One of the requisites of peace in that country is the agreement of Zapata to lay down his arms, and the United States government shows wise appreciation of conditions in attempting to influence Zapata to that end.

Mr. Bryan read that a militant horseback rider, the Secretary of State for Scotland, and promptly came out for equal suffrage. Thus does discretion sometimes smash watchful waiting.

Compromise With Henrico.
Henrico has noted an appeal from the annexation decision of Judge Campbell. This means that, unless an agreement is made with the county, annexation will be delayed for months, probably for a year; that the annexed territory will mark time until the matter is settled, and that, win or lose, Richmond will be deprived of the 1915 taxes from that territory. An agreement to appropriate \$100,000 for the county roads, as suggested by Judge Campbell, would cause the withdrawal of the appeal and settle the annexation question at once. We lose nothing by agreeing to the county's terms, but on the contrary we gain. At the same time we do justice to the county. All that is demanded of Richmond is enlightened selfishness.

In these days of wild exaggeration it is a comfort to read the remarks of that Chicago conservative who says there are 200,000 lunatics in the United States.

Work Doesn't Hurt Them.
Whether or not they want Congress to adjourn and go home, few people are impressed by the argument that our legislators need a rest. Some of them undoubtedly do, for they have worked too hard, but the average man falls utterly to understand why the others should demand a lengthy vacation just because they have been in Washington for fifteen months. The rest of us have been working for years without more than an occasional vacation, and believe that our \$7,500 servants up in Washington are physically as able to work twelve months in the year as we are. There may be reasons why Congress should adjourn now, though we think not, but the desire of the Congressmen for a rest is not one of them.

"President Wilson Out," says headline, but it doesn't mean the same thing that it does when applied to Huerta.

A Woman's Work.
Dr. Katharine B. Davis is an unmarried lady. She is also Commissioner of Correction for New York, and, therefore, has control of that city's well-filled prisons. She has been called upon to handle a mutiny in the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, where over a thousand of the big city's delinquents are housed under conditions that are admitted to be shocking from the point of view of modern penology.

The treatment of unruly convicts has hitherto been considered man's work, but Miss Davis appears to have handled the situation as well as anybody could, and it is surprising to find that some of the New York newspapers express great pain at the thought of a woman's ears being assailed by the vile language common to prisons.

This scarcely seems to be the most important feature of the episode. Dr. Davis will probably not receive much harm from what she has heard. In the course of her medical training she probably heard all the bad language there is from delirious pa-

tients and others. As one-fifth of all the females in the United States are engaged in industry of one sort or another, it is safe to say that to nearly one-fifth of the women of this country bad language is not rare enough to be shocking.

But it does appear—and that fact alone has importance—that Dr. Davis took care of her work about as well as a man could have done under like circumstances. It is even said that the fact that she is a woman caused her to be received by her unfortunate charges with something more of respect than had she been a man—a fact which the suffragists may consider insulting.

This condition has some importance, although it might not be said to be astonishing. Surely very few people have doubted that a woman of the right sort could do this work at least better than a man of the wrong sort.

What bothers some of the old-fashioned Republicans is the notion that a nation as well as an individual should be honorable.

The New Diplomacy Justified.

The Mexican problem has not been solved. It will not be solved for many weary months, and probably years. Patience and statesmanship have not yet accomplished all they set out to accomplish, and those who expect peace to pervade a bloody land of revolution as if conjured up by a magic wand are laying up for themselves bitter disappointment. We still have work to do in Mexico.

We may admit this much of the indictment brought against the Wilson policy by his enemies in their frenzied efforts, stopping at nothing, to minimize the great triumph of the man of patience and forbearance and adamant will. We may admit this much without joining in the spirit of the criticism, without admitting the essential truth of the indictment, without losing sight of the animus and partisan back of it all. We may admit this much with the knowledge that, notwithstanding the admission, the President's policy of "recognizing no government founded on usurpation and murder" was triumphantly vindicated when Huerta's assassin and Mexico's dictator abdicated his power and fled from the country he had plunged into civil war.

Huerta's flight is a triumph for the Wilson policy, not because it brings peace—for it has not yet brought peace—but because it has made known to Mexico and to all America that in this hemisphere a government founded on "usurpation and murder" cannot stand. It is a triumph for the President's policy, because it is proof to revolutionists in Mexico that a revolution, to be successful, must be a revolution of the people. It is a triumph because it brings conviction that a barrack-room conspiracy, ending in the assassination of the constitutional ruler, can never be a success again in Mexico. It is a triumph, because now all factions and all leaders of factions in Mexico know that, unless they have regard for human rights and national and international morality, they can never hope for victory or long-continued power. It is a triumph because, whatever the immediate future may hold for Mexico, the last assassin-President has ruled in Mexico City. There'll never be another Diaz to rob for the Cientificos; there'll never be another Huerta to assassinate and rob for power and for profit. There'll never be another President overthrown by a shot in the back.

A triumph for Wilson? Yes; but a greater triumph for Mexico. However slow the process and however great the courage and patience required, the land of revolution is destined to be the land of constitutional government. The fall of Huerta brings conviction; it has justified, if it has not marked the complete success of, "the steady pressure of moral force" upon Mexico and its traitors.

As for the United States, it is still at peace with the whole earth.

Attempts to make a hero of Huerta is a poor way to break the force of Wilson's triumph.

Recognizing Responsibility.
In accepting offers of mediation between the engineers of the Western railroads and their employers, representatives of the workmen stand among other things that "we recognize that we cannot afford to refuse your courteous proffer of your friendly offices." These men have learned what all employees and all employers must learn. They have learned that, in differences between capital and labor, the one which refuses mediation or arbitration loses the support of the public, and that the time is coming when the side losing that support must lose the fight.

Carbolic sounds like the name of a Pullman car. Hope it may carry the Mexicans to peace and prosperity.

And Why Not, Pray?

The Louisville Courier-Journal gets a lot of fun out of the movement to create a "futurist" summer costume for men, the same to consist of a comfortable, rather shapeless one-piece suit, with one button, as easily put off and on as a hat.

Why shouldn't men be comfortable in the summer? Goodness knows, they are now uncomfortable enough in the clothing that convention prescribes.

Go into any sensible gathering of women and you will hear them commiserating the attire of the "mere male." They speak of the stiff collar, hot and perspiring, heavy turn-down or standing; the shirt, heavy and hot, even though it is assumed to be of sheer material; the coat, embracing and heating, whether of Palm Beach, linen or light wool.

Contrast these garments—impedi-

ments, rather—with the clothing worn by women. To use candid language, the ladies have little over chest, arms, etc., to obstruct circulation of air. About the clothing that is concealed, we suspend analysis or comment. Far be it from those who are not experts to attempt explanations of this sacred character.

There is no valid reason why men should not, relatively, be garbed as comfortably as women. All that stands in the way is fashion in the shape of styles handed down by our forefathers and changed from year to year by tailors whose chief interest is not comfort, but profit.

Suppose men did go about in one-piece suits. That would be a decided improvement over the garb of Adam, as well as over the garb of the present day. And what fetching creations and effects could ingenuity devise with even this limited scope! The grace to which the one-piece suit could be made to adjust itself is almost limitless.

Sad to relate, however, there is little danger that the styles will relent and that men will be permitted to enjoy summer in clothes of sensible lightness and texture. They speak shudderingly of tyranny when it comes to women's clothes. But there is no sartorial tyranny on earth as exacting as the styles created for sweltering man and boy, and no persons more cowardly in hesitating to rebel against those styles.

Does New York build so many subways because it is traveling in that direction?

Scientific Bourgeoisism.
Scientific fanaticism, as evidenced in extreme eugenics, has found a full in scientific Bourgeoisism, which seems to learn nothing and forget nothing in science so far as medicine was concerned. The fact was exhibited at the convention of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, and more recently in a gathering of the alienists of the nation at Chicago. At both of these gatherings two or three mossbacks, medically speaking, decried the sensible means being tried to improve the physique of children, born and unborn, and flouted many of the proved medical discoveries of the past few years.

It is sometimes hard to say whether the medical fanatic or the medical Bourgeois does most harm to society. We can often guard against the fanatic, since his actions and doctrines are so ultra that he generally gets into print, is duly hit on the head by public opinion, and retires for a spell to innocuous desuetude. The Bourgeois is a tougher proposition. He generally is entrenched in the esteem of many good people with his own tendencies. He has always the advantage of inertia, of the established order, and how powerful that is, is illustrated in the difficulty of securing innovations of any kind. The one weapon with which effectually to fight both these types is the weapon of education, duly wielded by publicity. As people learn more and more to judge for themselves they are less apt to be misled by faddists. They increase their capacity for singling out the cotton from the wool in medical matters, and in doing so increase their own effectiveness for their wives and their children, not to mention themselves. We won't conquer the Bourgeois and the fanatic at once, but progress toward their eradication is visible.

All the Paris cafes are laying in additional supplies.

Uncomfortable.
England is getting uncomfortably close to the "yellow peril," not in the hysterical, but the actual sense of that abused term. A shipload of Hindus has been turned back from Vancouver, British Columbia, and with them will return other Hindus to preach a propaganda against England in India.

Now, India is Britain's plague spot. Despite the admirable nature of British rule there, not much progress has been made in taming the resentment which has its base in race and questions of racial nature. No one ever feels certain that he will not wake up some morning and read that a yellow mutiny has rolled its tide over India.

The trouble is that when a mutiny once starts, it rolls over the land like an epidemic of disease. Like disease, it beats down caste and shade of color, and amalgamates the whole dark and brooding horde in bloody antagonism to the white man. Incidentally, the incident at Vancouver reminds us of the warning of Sir Edward Grey, Minister for Foreign Affairs, that Great Britain had best be circumspect in its treaty with Japan and its sympathy with that island, since our own trouble with the Mikado might be followed by trouble for Britain with yellow races elsewhere.

Chickens have come home to roost sooner than expected. The Hindu protest may be only a flurry, and it may light a conflagration. That is the uncomfortable feature of imperialism, and mixing it with other races.

Explaining a Discrepancy.

English goods have been flooding the American market, textiles especially ruining our own factories. We have the word of the calamity howlers, and it must be true. They know, and, knowing all things, they will probably take immediate occasion to inform the British Board of Trade that it is entirely wrong in its estimate that British exports decreased 7 per cent during the month of June. While about it they will also probably correct the statement of Lancashire manufacturers that cotton goods exports have decreased 20 per cent, informing them that it is manifestly impossible for English exports to decrease while English imports into this country are increasing.

Sowing and Reaping:

Sermon by
REV. FRANK T. McFADEN, D. D.,
Pastor of
First Presbyterian Church.

(Written for The Times-Dispatch.)



REV. FRANK T. McFADEN, D. D.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6:9.

The Galatian Christians needed to be encouraged in face of the manifold difficulties which confronted them. The apostle speaks thus to them: "You are troubled in view of the prosperity of the wicked and the afflictions of the righteous. You have been almost tempted to doubt whether there be a God or not, who ruleth over all. But I have assured you that God is not mocked. Men may think that He has forgotten to reward the good and punish the wicked. But the time of retribution is not yet being. The sowing time, and men are sowing their good and evil grain. As they sow they shall surely reap. Therefore, be not weary in well-doing, do not lose heart, though God seems to be unkind and appearances are against you; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

What would seem that the very consciousness of doing that which is right ought to make weariness and faint-heartedness impossible. It would if we were either physically or spiritually perfect. But we are not. We are frail and mutable beings. Our powers of endurance and endeavor are limited. Weariness is an attribute of our bodies and minds. Even in the most congenial circumstances, under the most propitious circumstances, all things conspire to encourage and stimulate, the penalty of frailty must be borne in the form of a weariness which our energy and which impedes our progress.

MUST BE CONSTANT

We make a start in well-doing. We feel the power of the world to come. But no impulse at the beginning, however strong, can last a great while. Motive power must be constant if motion is to be constant. All things tend to state of rest. Nature, animate and inanimate, often abhors labor more than a weary man. The more we do, the more we feel. We lose heart and grow weary in well-doing. This is the experience even under the most favorable conditions. It is well-doing has to be carried on in face of manifold discouragements. In a general way, those which arise from the opposition of the outer world. In the most advanced period of our Christian experience our hearts contain enough selfishness and pride to make them uncomfortable for us to say the least. This is within our hearts, the avenues which lead to the will, and memory and imagination are called into its service. The result is that we complain and fret and wail. Second, those which arise from our own associates and associates. The disparaging word, the careless look, and the unsympathetic bearing easily extinguish zeal.

DISCOURAGEMENTS OF

NEGATIVE OBSTRUCTION

A negative obstruction is often more effective than the most intense persecution. These shrugging shoulders! These meaning and heartless smiles! These side remarks of criticism and detraction! "You're too far," they destroy the vines. They are the cranks that eat up the spiritual life; they are the crickets that let in the frost to kill the buds of promise and of hope. These difficulties come not only from the enemies of the truth and of righteousness, but sometimes from the avowed advocates of the right. We can have the truth, but the action of the latter results in the crushing of the holy desire. It falls to the ground unmarked by all but Him whose eye saw the wish to serve, whose heart valued the truth, and whose tenderness sympathized when man was cold and hard.

Third, those which seem to be created by God Himself. That may seem a strange statement. It is true. In the exercise of His fatherly discipline, He often hedges in His children and builds mountains in their pathway; of course, for their good. Our desire to serve Him, so far from being an immunity from suffering and trial, seems to multiply them. It seems so. Very frequently our hearts perversely turn back. But sometimes it is true that God heaps these obstacles before us with the hands of His own Providence. And why? To test us, to measure the strength of our love, to develop the strength of our purposes by exercise, to discover whether the attempts to serve Him are the expression of impulse, transient and shallow, or of deep convictions, strong principles, and powerful motives.

"YE SHALL REAP."

The one special way which the apostle seems to have had in mind is by "reaping" the results that should crown our labors. To use his figure, we sow, we water, we pray, we work, we look for the fruit. But no results are disclosed. The seed seems not to be in the earth. Parents are troubled to discover why their children labor for the pupils under their care. Pastors work for those committed to their charge. They seem to labor in vain. The shadow of a great despair comes over them at times. Under all the combined influences, often is the lament of David taken up: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

But here is the promise of God: Ye shall reap, faint not, be not weary. There are some peculiar hardships and discouragements in the service of God which arise from the causes that have been mentioned as well as from others. But there is at least one peculiar consolation and incentive—no service for Him is unrequited. In the cemeteries of our land we are impressed with the great number of the unrecorded dead who fell in the service of their land. There are no unrecorded heroes in the Master's cause. Earthly objects of devotion may disappoint us. Friends may turn from us in the day of adversity. The child upon whom we have lavished the wealth of affection may grow up to bring shame to our hearts and home. The riches that we

have tried to amass may suddenly disappear.

NO CERTAINTY OF

EARTHLY HARVEST

When we are sowing for an earthly yield we never know whether we shall reap or not. But it is not so with that which is sown for God. The holy deeds of God's children are immortal. They are seeds that never die. The seed may mature, but slowly. It may remain hidden and undeveloped, even as the seed found in the mummy's hand, but it will live and accomplish its purpose. Patience, child of the Master! In the morning sow thy seed, and at eve hold not thy hand. Patience with faith must be manifested by every one who would receive his own from the earth. So the life eternal. The sentences in the book of Providence are long. But we must read those sentences through to the end patiently before we can understand their meaning and catch their undertone of love. I believe that I know the hearts of many who will read these words to-day. It is your desire to serve your God, to labor in His vineyard. There are things for which you pray and work. I know something of the faintness of heart and the despair of the soul that come from hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. You have tasted of this weariness. To you would utter a clarion call to-day. To you I would sound this note of promise and of hope. Rise courageously to your work. Sow and faint not. Cast abroad the seed of prayer and good deeds. Nothing shall be lost. Nothing shall be forgotten. The God of Harvests sends from the skies this message to-day: Be not weary in well-doing. Be faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. We can afford to be patient when God is our hope.

The Bright Side

A Backyard Ballade.
A gray expanse of weathered wall
Viewed from my lone window seat.
Whose other windows, one and all,
So empty, lifeless and effete.
Above a yard burnt up with heat,
Fill me with fancies saturnine—
When something makes my gloom retreat—
Treat—

White Lingerie upon a Line!

Light, laughing laces flirt and fall,
And stockings, wind-filled to the feet.
Dance tresses at an airy ball,
To music that the breezes beat.
Oh, swirling skirts so indiscreet,
You dance away black moods of gloom,
Encore, oh, hurricane, I entreat,
This lingerie upon a line!

Oh, dance, from dawn to evenfall,
Wind-woman, zephyr-souled and sweet!
What sarabands are at your call?
Where did you learn that ballet suite?

Yours is an art of the elite,
Oh, sliden, swinging cymbalines,
Abstracted of all sex conceit—
Just lingerie upon a line!

—J. H. Greene, in Judge.

LENGUO

But disillusion comes complete—
When something surely masculine
Is added to that slither cheat
Of lingerie upon a line!

—J. H. Greene, in Judge.

Aggravated Case.

Jones—Say, Smith, what is the
harm of antiquarianism?
Smith—Don't know; what is it?
Jones—When a fellow goes out to
Chestnut Hill to read "Twice Told
Tales."—The Beacon.

The Main Point.

Rich Papa—You foolish girl, that
English nobleman who's courting you,
really doesn't look on you as his equal.
Willful Hellness—I don't care for
that, papa, as long as he's my peer.
—Baltimore American.

But What a Morning After.

Howell—What is your idea of happiness?
Powell—Nothing to do until to-morrow, with a Greenland night coming
behind morning.—Philadelphia Evening
Bulletin.

Strange Things Under the Sun.

She tumbled up and down the beach
The sweet girl from Durango,
And then she had to use a bleach
To make her awful tan go.
—Springfield Union.

Ruling Passion.

"Quick, quick, my dear—everybody
else is in the lifeboat. The ship is
sinking."
"Wait a moment. I cannot be seen
like this. The lifebelt makes my coat
pucker."—Exchange.

The Virtues.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)

Blessed thing
Of the virtues three,
What do I find in thee?

Faith—in thee first trust I find
That binds me closer to mankind.

Hope—what deep emotions in thee lie
That lift my soul up toward the sky!

Love—the greatest, noblest and the best,
In these heart and soul find sweet rest.

Blessed thing
Of the virtues three,
I find my all in thee.
GEORGE WEST DIEHL

SPARKS

Some of the Progressives claim that
it is a choice between Roosevelt and
Davis in New York. Aren't you glad
you don't live in New York?—Wash-
ington Herald.

Gracefully the House yields to the
Senate and retains the 20-cent mile-
age rate. Or is it gratefully?—New
York World.

Ragtime is now being advocated as
a sure to abuse energy; but who wants
to be a horse?—Washington Post.

Court holds that a woman's silence
is not contempt of court. No, it's a
miracle.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Two grafting officials have been sen-
tenced to death in China. Evidently
China hasn't yet learned the art of
postponing trials.—Detroit Free Press.

Evidently the axiom that the surest
way to preserve peace is to be pre-
pared for war holds good in Ulster.
—New York Sun.

Strange Animal to Them.

Congress is likely to be a little puzzled
when confronted with a man who
is expected to serve his country on a
"salary-no-object" basis.—Washington
Star.

Won't Lay Down His Pen.

The Colonel has ceased to be a con-
tributing editor, but Perkins will be
in his contributions as usual.—
Binghamton Press.

In order to become a physician in
Turkey one must be able to pass the
French or Turkish language. The
requirements are strict.

A TOUGH JOB AHEAD

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



—From the Chicago Herald

Official Washington's Unofficial Side of Life

J. C. HENPHILL,
in Philadelphia Ledger.

President Wilson was driving along
the street in his automobile recently
when he spied little Sallie McAdoo,
daughter of the Secretary of the
Treasury, on her way home from
school. The President recognized the
child, stopped his car and called:
"Come on, Miss Sallie, and I'll give
you a ride."

Miss McAdoo was accompanied by a
little friend, and she hesitated to
leave her, even for the honor of driving
the President.
"Bring your friend along, there's
plenty of room," said the President,
noticing the situation, and both girls
climbed into the car. Miss Sallie
properly introduced her friend to the
President, and the President's daughter,
daughter of a government official from
West Virginia.

"And is your papa a politician, too?"
asked the President of the new little
girl.

"Yes, sir, he is," she replied, "but
he doesn't want to be President," she
promptly added.
Well, I don't blame him," said the
President, who at that moment was
on his way to the golf course, in an
attempt to forget some of the cares
of his office. He took the girls to
Secretary McAdoo's home, where he
set them down, somewhat flustered
by their experience, but proud of it,
nevertheless.

One of the most interesting
announcements of the present session
of Congress was the one recently put
out by Senator Lewis, of Illinois, to
the effect that henceforth he would
sign his name plain Hamilton Lewis.

It was the sensation of the day, in
fact of several days, although official
Washington has now become some-
what used to it. Senator Lewis's full
name is James Hamilton Lewis, and
for a million or two in roll call
among the politicians by the abbrevia-
tion of "Jim Ham" Lewis. There are
a number of distinguishing features
about Senator Lewis, besides his
name. One of them is his whiskers.
He wears a set of whiskers closely re-
sembling those worn by the late James
McCreary, president of the Pennsylvania
Railroad, except that the color is dif-
ferent. Lewis's whiskers frequently
are referred to flippantly in the pub-
lic prints as "pink," and the designa-
tion is not so far wrong at that, for
they are of a rather light reddish hue,
although the Senators' hair is quite
dark.

At a gridiron dinner some months
ago one of the "actors," peering out
over the banquet hall, remarked, "Ah,
I see the aurora borealis!"
"That isn't the aurora borealis,"
replied another; "that is Jim Ham
Lewis's whiskers."

But Senator Lewis is not only noted
for his name and his beard, he is one
of the most orators in Congress, and
likewise one of the most fashionably
dressed members.

When he announced that he pro-
posed to sign his name plain Hamilton
Lewis, Senator Kern, of Indiana, also
bewildered, urged him not to do it.

"If you start in on abbreviations
of this sort it might wind up by hav-
ing your whiskers shaved off, which
would be a public calamity," Kern
pleaded.

"It certainly would be a calamity if
it influenced you to follow my ex-
ample," as the quick come-back of
Jim Ham. However, the calamity
has not overtaken the country. Sen-
ator Lewis has abbreviated his name,
but his whiskers still float in the
breeze.

Automobiles have come to be a big
factor in political campaigns, and now
nearly every candidate for Congress,
especially in the country districts,
makes his canvass by motor, in this
way being able to meet and talk with
many more people each day than he
possibly could in any other way. One
member of Congress, who is the owner
of a big seven-passenger touring car,
which cost him considerably more
than \$5,000, and which he and his
family drive about Washington. A
friend recently asked him if he in-
tended taking this big high-powered
car out into his district to be used for
campaigning this fall.

"I do not," promptly replied the
Congressman. "I have a \$500,000 out-
come which I use for campaigning
purposes, and I am getting it over-
hauled and ready for the battle. You
may call it hypocrisy if you like, but
you can bet I wouldn't take this big,
expensive machine out among the
farmers of my district; it would be as
bad as calling upon them attired in
a full dress suit. The machine I have
at home for campaigning purposes has
a good engine, and can get over the
ground, but the paint is nearly all
worn off it, the top leaks, the wind-
shield is broken and the lamps haven't
been polished since I bought the suf-
frages of the people two years ago.
It is a popular make of car, such as
the farmers use pretty generally, and
I can get them interested by talking
carburetors, ignition, etc., and com-
paring them. But if I took this big
thing out among them, they would
speak to me, much less vote for me."